

# At the Eleventh Hour!

CHAPTER XXII.

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She alone did nothing to help on the general confusion, she alone sat in her room with idle hands, a pale, resigned little victim, her eyes fixed on the window, watching the road, watching, watching, until noon passed, and presently she saw her friend Myrtle dash up to the gate in her natty little dog-cart.

Lynette uttered a cry of joy, and stood just within the door, waiting with wild impatience till Myrtle entered. They flew at each other with fervent hugs, as if they had been parted for months, instead of two days.

"You darling!" gurgled Myrtle, with a thrill of the happiest laughter, and then she locked the door and whispered: "An answer to your letter, tossing it into Lynette's lap."

Lynette pounced on it with crimson cheeks and a throbbing heart.

"Don't look at me, dear, while I read it, dear, for—I'm so frightened. I did such a desperate thing!"

"You're a brave little heroine, and I am proud of you, darling. But hurry up and read it, so that I can hug you again, you precious girl!" cried Myrtle, reluctantly turning her back on Lynette's sparkling face, with the changeful red and white coming and going so sweetly on her cheeks.

By and by Myrtle went away in a hurry, declining the family's invitation to dinner.

"But you'll come back for the wedding?" Lynette will take it hard if you don't," said John Lewis.

"Oh, yes, I shall come to Lynette's wedding. I wouldn't miss it for the world!" she answered brightly, as she sprung into the cart and drove away.

After dinner the afternoon was so short that it soon wore away, so

## That Dull Pain In The Back Disappears After Taking Two Boxes Of Dr. Bovel's Herb Tablets.



Konoka, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—  
"I feel that in a very few words I must speak the praise of Dr. Bovel's Herb Tablets.  
I had for some time past suffered with the most severe pains in the back, which made my life a misery. The Doctors said it was kidney trouble, and although I took all kinds of medicine nothing seemed to ease me. So I gave up going to the Doctor and let things take their course.  
My husband wrote you and sent for some of your remedies. When he got them and saw what they were good for he persuaded me to try a box of Dr. Bovel's Herb Tablets. I did, and must say that a week's trial was marvellous. I took two boxes and the wretched pain in my back has completely gone. I am sending for some more as I feel I do not want to be without them, and shall have much pleasure in recommending them to all that suffer the same as I did."

Yours truly,  
MRS. C. E. DAVIS.  
That dull, heavy ache, is mostly caused by congestion in circulation of the blood. Dr. Bovel's Herb Tablets give impulse to the blood, and cleanses the tissues of all impurity. A few boxes—quantity depends upon the severity of the case—will positively cure the worst case of backache.  
Dr. Bovel's Home Remedies are sold by all dealers. Ask for them. If not obtainable through your dealer within a reasonable time, send 25c (in stamps) to us for any article you require. Bovel Mfg. Co'y, St. John's, Nfld.

# THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and an enjoyable good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never leave the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Erastus was sent to the station to meet Edgar, Mr. Lewis not choosing to encounter a third disappointment along that line, and sharing Lynette's presentiments that Edgar was too ill to come.

The wedding was to be at seven: so at five o'clock Vida ran upstairs to Lynette to say it was time to dress.

"Shall I stay and help you?" she sweetly inquired.

"No; I shall not need any assistance, thank you, and you have your own toilet to make, you know," Lynette returned as sweetly, and with a tender little smile.

"But you will need help with your veil, you know."

"Yes—yes, at the last minute, of course; but please see that I am not disturbed till then, Vida."

"Very well, since you insist on it," Vida said, slowly backing out of the room, which was immediately shut and locked by its owner.

"How did she look?" inquired Uncle Jack and Aunt Jill in a breath.

"Quite calm and composed, and evidently resigned to go on with the marriage, now that she sees she cannot have her own way. Vida returned confidently; and mutually rejoicing over the victory, they went away to get into their wedding-garments."

At six o'clock, who should arrive but Sally Ann Sims, having come in a comfortable vehicle hired for the purpose. The poor old maid was wan and ill from her long sickness, but she had realized her wish to recover and come to her favorite's wedding.

"I want to see Linnet at once!" she exclaimed; but they told her the bride was dressing, and would admit no one.

"Have you brought her wedding gift?" inquired Vida, full of sly laughter.

"Yes, and I want to put it on her myself," returned the old maid, whereupon Vida almost exploded with laughter, saying to herself that she knew she was right, it was some old-fashioned brooch or chain, and, of course, Lynette would not wear it, for Graham Prentiss had sent her a string of real pearls. But she went with the old maid to Lynette's door, and knocked, saying:

"Lynette, here is Sally Ann with your bridal gift. Will you let her in?"

"Yes, let me in, please, honey!" piped the old woman feebly.

They waited, knocked again, called again; but Lynette took no notice.

"You see how it is. She is too busy to open the door and speak to you," said Vida, getting impatient.

"I'm sorry, for I'm just bound to see the child afore she is married," sighed Sally Ann; then she brightened up, and continued: "But don't let me keep you, miss. I know you have got to dress, so I'll just set down

in this chair outside the door and wait till she's ready to let me in."  
"Very well," and Vida sped away, wondering why Lynette had acted so strangely, never answering a word to old Sally Ann's pleading.

A while later, as she was fastening the corsage of her white silk gown, she heard the whistle of the train on which Edgar Lewis was to arrive, then its rumble and roar as it rushed past on the other side of the river.

"Two hours late, and unless Erastus drives fast, he will scarcely get here in time for the wedding!" she exclaimed.

In fact, it was not half an hour before the ceremony, and the guests some of whom lived miles off, were already arriving and being received by Mrs. Lewis, in her new black silk, so spick and span. The rumble of their carriage wheels became incessant and the house was soon alive with belles and beaux, while toward the servants' quarters could be heard the gay twang of the banjo and fiddle tuning up for the dance.

Last of all came Graham Prentiss, with the best man and the minister, and now it lacked only five minutes to seven. Still Edgar Lewis had not arrived, nor had the bride opened the door. Vida went and rapped impatiently on the door, and calling out:

"Let me in to fix your veil, dear. Everybody is here, even Graham Prentiss and the minister, and it's time for the ceremony!"

No answer.

Vida kept waiting and calling, but the bride remained dumb.

Presently came Mrs. Lewis and a bevy of girls too impatient to wait.

"Ain't she ready yet? It's five minutes past, and folks are beginning to think strange!" cried Aunt Jill, who was herself the soul of punctuality.

"She will not open the door or answer," Vida replied, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders.

And while they all stood there wondering and exclaiming, Uncle Jack came upstairs with his nephew. Edgar Lewis had come at last.

Pale, but handsome, the young man stood without the door, calling eagerly on his obdurate sister.

"It is I, Lynette—your brother, Edgar! Open the door, darling!"

And still came no answer. His pale face grew ghastly with fear, and his voice shook as he exclaimed:

"Perhaps she has fainted in there alone. We must force the door, Uncle Jack!"

They pushed against it with their shoulders and the lock flew off. The next minute the room was full of excited people chattering and peering about the place.

Lynette was not there!

The fire had burned low on the hearth, the lamp was unlighted. There was no sign of bridal preparation or white-robed bride.

Some one lighted the lamp, and all hurried into the sewing-room, where Vida left the wedding-gown spread out. It was there still, shining whitely under the mist of the bridal veil.

Vida cried out sharply: "Lynette has run away! See the going-away gown is missing!"

So they had to go down and tell the enraged bride-groom that he was jilted on his wedding-day.

"She has drowned herself, poor lamb!" cried Uncle Jack, with keener remorse.

"I should sooner think she has gone off with Myrtle Dare!" cried clever Vida; and she added: "Myrtle was here after noon to-day, and I dare say they planned to slip out and go home with her, while we all thought she was dressing for her marriage."

"I will go at once to Lewisburg and find out what has become of my sister!" burst out Edgar, rushing off from the excited wedding-party, and springing into the first carriage he saw.

"Let me go with you, Edgar!" piped a weak voice; and, to his amazement, old Sally Ann Sims climbed up after him as he gave the order: "To Lewisburg!"

## Sprained Ankle Saturday Worked Again Monday

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment Did the Trick.

Mr. A. Carman, one of Davisville, Ontario's energetic young men, writes:

"Some time ago I was getting over a wire fence, and when hitting my left foot, my right slipped, and in falling the heel of my boot caught the second wire, thus spraining my ankle.

From the pain I thought my leg was broken. I managed to get home, suffering great agony. My father walked over a mile to the druggist's, who sold him a bottle of Douglas' Egyptian Liniment, which we applied with surprising results, for it relieved the pain almost instantly, and on the next day, Sunday, I was able to put my slipper on.

Though this was the worst accident I ever had, I was able to work on Monday without the loss of a single day. Accidents will happen. Don't be without a bottle of Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. 25c. at all dealers. Free sample on request. Douglas' & Co., Naparoc, Ont.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Love's Revolt.

It was fortunate for Edgar Lewis that Miss Sims had given him her company, for her feminine chatter alleviated the almost unbearable suspense of the long, dark ride to Lewisburg.

"Edgar, I must not blame Linnet for running off," she quavered.

"There was some as didn't believe she wanted to marry Prentiss, not at all. 'Twas the other one she liked best, they say—the governor, you know. But they sent him to prison, an' then Linnet's folks jest druv her inter the match with Prentiss. An' she fell sick an' like to a-died, that's the truth. I kin see through the hull thing now. That spiteful Vida and her aunt was anxious to git Linnet out o' the way so as the red head could get some chance of a husband!"

Edgar laughed in spite of his trouble, and said carelessly:

"Surely my sister did not stand in Miss Halliburton's light!"

"Lord, yes, for none of the young fellows would give her two looks when Linnet was standin' by. She was always settin' her cap at some big gun, but our little girl always cut her out, and it made her aunt mad! 'Tis true that Vida had one or two real chivalry fellows to court her, but she wouldn't look at 'em."

Edgar laughed again, and just then the carriage rumbled out of the rough road with a great jar and clatter, and into the noisy, macadamized main street of Lewisburg.

"To Mr. Dare's!" Edgar called out to the driver; and then his heart gave a sudden, alarming thump against his side.

He realized with dizzy joy that in a few minutes he would be face to face with bonny Myrtle, his heart's queen, so long and so patiently loved.

The carriage went rattling up the stony hill street, and presently stopped before an imposing residence standing back from the gates in its own grounds. Edgar sprang out and gave Miss Sims his arm, leading her as carefully as some young knight of chivalry up to the front door. He saw lights gleaming through the parlor windows, and wondered with a sudden heart-pang if Myrtle were entertaining some admirer.

The next moment the young man was ringing the bell, while reflecting nervously that he had no right to feel jealous, since he had never dared to tell sweet Myrtle of his love, and ask her to wait for him until Fortune smiled on his prospects.

A neat maid ushered him into the broad hall, and to the open parlor door, where Myrtle and her mother sat together in animated converse. He had just time to note joyfully that no obnoxious beau was present, when both rose and gave him a surprised and joyous greeting.

To be continued.

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